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An Answer to ELYMAS the Sorcerer.

BY

Dr. WATSON,

Chaplain to His Royal Highness

The Duke of YORK.

Pewsey near *Marlborough* in *Wiltshire*, *July* the 31st, 1682.

WHereas, on *Saturday* last, came to my hand a Pamphlet, Entituled, *Elymas the Sorcerer*, or, *A Memorial towards the discovery of the bottom of this Popish Plot, and how far His Royal Highness's Directors have been faithful to his Honour and Interest*; or, *The Peace of the Nation, &c.* By *Thos Jones*, sometimes Domestick and Naval Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of *York*;

Wherein much wrong is done, not only to me, but to the Right Reverend Father in God the Lord Bishop of *Winton* particularly, *Pag.* 7. and 12. Where is pretended, that the Author was prohibited Preaching at Sea in the first *Dutch* War, by the said Honourable Prelate, against the Fleet Statute, the Seamens needs, and against Orders to the contrary from His Highness, through his Almoner, to him; which when we were at Sea, was travers'd to the late most Reverend Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*; and I there charged, as here, with bringing the Prohibition, not only for him, but all other Chaplains in the Fleet, (with none of whom did I concern my self, as to their Preaching, or ought else, beside common Civility and Converse.)

I must desire the said Mr. *Jones* to call to mind, that when complaint thereof was made by false Suggestion, to his Highness Prince *Rupert*, who in the Duke's Cabin (where Dr. *Quarterman* and I waited to kiss the Dutchesses hand, at her departure) charged me home with it, in these, or the like terms; *Sir, are you he that say my Lord of* Canterbury *has given Order there shall be no Preaching in the Fleet?* Upon my steady denial, the Prince suddenly whisked the Taffata Curtain aside with his hand, asking somewhat earnestly, *Where is the Gentleman?* &c. No Gentleman appeared in Mr. *Jones*'s or other likeness; being blown off, perhaps with the puff of wind the swift motion of the Curtain made, as no less saufily to my Knowledge, may many other alike odious Articles and Calumnies in his Memorial, if my pleasant indisposition, and other Affairs more necessary, would permit me to attend it, and his Impertinence; only because he has signified to me (as he may have done to others) his tenderness, to put in Print some Letters he has urged from me, who will never take, (no more would I give) any umbrage or just Cause of exception upon that account: and further, that I may not be censured for private correspondence with so dangerous a person, who throws dirt blind-fold (as *Elymas* the Sorcerer) in the faces he knows not of whom, under his dark Character of the Duke's Directors, whose Royal Highness and Dutchess &c, God preserve from the misterious meaning in his Soverainty of the heart, which I fear is little better at the bottom, then that of his Royal Grandfathers Scepter in the hand of Christ, among the *Scots*; a great deal more formidable then the Bill of Exclusion, whereof I neither am, (as this Impostor chargeth) nor ever intend to be, (in the Capacity he puts me) guilty in the least.

I have Permitted these two Letters that have passed my Pen for him to pass the Press to (if they may with License) all excepting some few lines, which concern not the Plot nor the Publick any way as I know.

The First LETTER.

Reverend Sir,

I Received your stitch'd Paper-book from the hand of that *Bristol* Citizen, who punctually performed the trust you reposed in him; what, beyond this acknowledgment you expect return, I know not, for to most part of it I am a mere stranger, and can give you no account at all; nor have I been at Court in one days attendance since, nor sometime before her Royal Highness the former Dutchess died, nor heard of any of the Disasters you so much complain of beyond the displeasure of my Lord of *Winton*, taken against you; to whom I thought you had been reconciled upon your removal to your Countrey benefice with the hard name: so great a stranger have I been to the proceedings of Law against you, and no contributor of one syllable in any Article alledged, one line of which I never read. The maine thing you aim at is, to get me in to be an Evidence in a matter I know nothing of, beyond what the Printed Paper and Reports do bring me, which I am ready publickly to attest upon Oath; or otherwise when Legally put to it: and you deal very unworthily with me, in a case I am not conscious of in the least, the sence whereof puts me beyond all patience, to take notice of any other Clause in your Papers; and so adieu, with the fit respects of, Sir

Your humble Servant,

Pewsey, February 24, 1682

R. Watson.

The Second LETTER.

Reverend Sir,

I Thought my last might have satisfied you, in answer to what you call your charge; to the making good whereof, when called to it, you in vain depend upon your Personal Oath, and for your own sake, I desire you to urge me no further in it, unless you desperately meane to throw your self into a second ruine, for setting aside the inconsiderable thing, (my self I mean) whom you set at mark; your reflections are so warm upon some other of far greater quality, as I can hardly think it safe for me to conceal what your self (I fear) at last will make too publick: As yet, they remain *sub sigillo*, when I understand the Party better, that have so much incensed you, I shall let you know more of my mind, who am upon honest Principles.

SIR,

Your assured Friend,

Pewsey, March the 10*th*, 1682.

R. watson.

LONDON: Printed for *N. Woolfe* at the seven stars in *Newgate street*, 1682.